Then cruſh this hearbe into *Lyſanders* eye;
Whoſe liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all errour, with his might,
And make his eyebals roule with wonted ſight,
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeeme a dreame, and fruiteleſſe viſion,
And backe to *Athens* ſhall the louers wend,
With league, whoſe date, till death ſhall neuer end,
Whiles I, in this affaire, doe thee imploy,
Ile to my Queene and beg her *Indian* boy:
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſters viewe, and all things ſhall be peace.
Puck. My Fairy Lord, this muſt be done with haſte.
For nights ſwift Dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Auroras* harbinger:
At whoſe approach, Ghoſts, wandring here and there,
Troope home to Churchyards: damned ſpirits all,
That in croſſe waies and floods haue buriall,
Already to their wormy beds are gone:
For feare leaſt day ſhould looke their ſhames vpon,
They wilfully themſelues exile from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black browed night.
Ober. But we are ſpirits of another ſort.
I, with the mornings loue, haue oft made ſport,
And like a forreſter, the groues may tread
Euen till the Eaſterne gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire bleſſed beames,
Turnes, into yellow golde, his ſalt greene ſtreames.
But notwithſtanding, haſte, make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſſe, yet ere day.
Pu. Vp & down, vp & down, I will lead them vp & down
I am feard in field & town. *Goblin*, lead them vp & down.
Here comes one. *Enter* Lyſander.
Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? Speak thou now
Rob. Here villaine, drawne & ready. Where art thou?

Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Rob. Follow me then to plainer groun
Enter Demetrius.
Deme. *Lyſander*, ſpeake againe.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou
Speake in ſome buſh. Where doeſt thou
Rob. Thou coward art thou bragging
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for
And wilt not come? Come recreant, co
Ile whippe thee with a rodde. He is def
That drawes a ſword on thee.
De. Yea, art thou there?
Ro. Follow my voice: weele try no manh
Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill da
When I come where he calles, then he
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then
I followed faſt: but faſter he did fly;
That fallen am I in darke vneauen way
And here will reſt me. Come thou ger
For if but once, thou ſhewe me thy gra
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this ſp
Robin, *and* Demetrius.
Robi. Ho, ho, ho: Coward, why comſ
Deme. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt. For w
Thou runſt before mee, ſhifting euery
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor looke me in t
Where art thou now?
Rob. Come hither: I am here.
De. Nay then thou mock'ſt me. Thou
If euer I thy face by day light ſee.
Now, goe thy way. Faintneſſe conſtrai
To meaſure, out my length, on this co
By daies approach looke to be viſited.
Enter Helena.
Hele. O weary night, O long and ted

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